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In ornaments gold is represented by a general covering of raw sienna, the sunk parts being deepened with burnt sienna, and the upper and glistening portions with little specks of Naples yellow. Jet can be brought into relief with Indian or British ink. If the articles be gemmed, the stones must be finely put in with the representative color. Illuminating gold and silver sometimes used for the trinkets is apt to give a tawdry appearance. It is impossible to be too delicate in the handling of either jewellery or lace and fine fabrics. Lace must be minutely picked out with Chinese white or Indian ink, as the case may be. Supposing white muslin edged with lace over a dark dress, the upper folds of the muslin and the pattern of the lace must be brought up with Chinese white and the inner folds and the holes through the lace darkened with weak sepia; muslin ruffles in the same way, the edges and outer plaits being white and the inner plaits faintly shown with sepia. Linen collars, cuffs, etc., should be brought up with Chinese white, with rather much gum; but in drapery, or any mass of color, avoid an excess of gum, as it is then more difficult to make the pigments lie with regular evenness. Blue is one of the most troublesome, but that called "permanent blue" is both bright and easy to handle. Only proficient should attempt uniforms. These require thoroughly good work and exact coloring both for cloth and gold lace. Dark blue or navy uniforms are imitated with cobalt and indigo together.

Art News.

NEW YORK NOTES.

Mr. Bricher, the marine painter, brings from Newport the inspiration for a scene in one of the sweetest of gardens belonging to an old villa of that delightful seaport. A reddish brown paling between the garden and the beach is lost at either side in blossoming shrubbery, and an exquisite maiden in light and graceful toilet, outlined against sea and sky, is reaching for the delicate spring blossoms.

A picture with similar motive is on the easel of Mr. Bellows. A young girl coming down to a sheltered pool within a wood, and fancying the enjoyment of a bath, has already laid aside a portion of her clothing; an overarching bough is within reach, and springing upward she fastens upon it with both hands and swings in joyous abandonment.

E. L. Henry is engaged upon a scene of old-time coach travel, the vehicle being copied from one preserved at Germantown by the Chew family.

James Hart is engaged on a picture called "A Surprise Party," in which cattle coming down to a forest stream are startled at the sight and sound of an equally startled flock of ducks.

Mr. Inness has a half dozen recent landscapes, one of the best representing an after-sunset glow across a wood-skirted meadow.

Wm. Hart is producing some pictures so much unlike those for which he is best known as to be without any representation of cattle. In a summer study for a work of this kind, a moss-grown boulder is brought into the foreground, where a shallow stream of the Adirondacks winds in its yellowish bed along the forest; in another the apparent motive is light, dropping bountifully down or sifted thinly into the green recesses.

Among younger artists, Frank Waller is undertaking something in the way of American landscape and figures, in place of the Egyptian subjects which have been his preference. Of this recent class, an autumn scene in the Adirondacks displays the gorgeousness of foliage in what is known as the Boreas country, lying between the Boreas and Hudson rivers, where there is a fleeting season of intensely brilliant forest coloring. Another picture, Arcadian as to the story, represents the nude figure of a boy stretched face foremost on the ground, raised on his elbows and piping to a yellow-bird with a reed held to his lips.

The hills about Poughkeepsie furnish George Smillie with sufficiently picturesque material for at least one sunny autumn landscape, which will probably appear in the spring exhibition; another picture is of a strip of Maine coast with sheep on a rocky hillside, and a third is from a study on the shore of Massachusetts.

The beautiful young woman still comes smiling out on the canvas of Mr. Satterlee. In "Lagging Hours" she evidently belongs to the period of the First Empire; her evening dress sweeps over the polished floor toward a clock on a wall-bracket, and her fair hand is lifted as she turns her gaze to the

dial with graceful eagerness. Another of the recent pictures of this artist represents a village "doctress" in attendance on a child which is held in the mother's arms.

The American type of young womanhood is charmingly presented in the Artist Fund contribution of Oliver J. Lay, with eyes cast down upon a rose spray pressed within the book held in her exquisite hand.

Miss Jacobs' recently finished "Old Songs," for the Water-Color Exhibition, gives us still another young woman, this time in a yellow gown and with the points of her blue slippers turned as if for a pirouette. She holds a guitar in her hand and is looking at you with a smile.

For the Water-Color Exhibition also is a recent painting, by Miss Abbott, of chrysanthemums past their freshness, of which some have fallen from a decorated jar upon the table. A peculiar intensity of white results from painting in a dark background, leaving the forms of the blossoms without paint on the paper, the leaf outlines and veinings only receiving any paint whatever. The deepest brilliancy of the reds—that full ripe red seen in certain varieties of these flowers just preceding decay—is that of the transparent pigment applied directly on white paper.

Laura Woodward recently made, during a summer at Mt. Desert, a number of excellent marine studies, and two finished pictures—one shown at the American Art Gallery, and the second, representing a foggy morning effect, at the Brooklyn Exhibition.

Homer Martin tried last summer the experiment of painting in water-colors, returning to the studio with a series of fresh sketches on the Saguenay River, and at various places in Canada and in northern New York. His earliest claim to recognition as a water-colorist is to be presented at the forthcoming exhibition.

Of picturesque elements existing on every hand without limit, those embraced in a view of Jersey City across the Morris Canal appear in a picture characterized by some of Thomas Moran's best qualities. It is a gray day, showing but dimly the New York Post-Office and other great buildings of that quarter across the North River. But the poetry of the air makes itself felt along that artificial water-course, about the depots beyond, and among those common scenes of commercial industry in a manner which the artist has perhaps never so forcibly realized before. The picture will probably be seen in the spring exhibition.

A work of historical importance has recently been undertaken by Mr. Reinhart, the subject being the "Entry of General Greene into Charleston" after the Revolution. It has reached the form of the sketch in black and white, showing the mounted hero and the enthusiastic groups of the street. A portrait of Chief Justice Manning, of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, has just been completed by this artist, to be placed in the University of North Carolina, the alma mater of the Judge.

S. R. Gifford has recently painted a view of the Matterhorn, with the track of a past glacier winding through the foreground to a chasm; however, neither the pathway nor the Matterhorn itself is any thing except an objective point about which to wind a dream of light and color.

After contemplating Mr. Gifford's picture, the readiest way to the real world again will be found at the studio of J. G. Brown, where this artist's "Noon at the Docks" is fast approaching completion. For here is something real, American, and sturdy at once. At the left a Hudson River barge, loaded with hay, touches the pier, and at the right a vessel trading to Australia waits for lading. A dray horse stands patiently at this corner, while the group of toilers rest in the foreground against sundry cotton bales and casks, after having partaken of their luncheon. All the men are of pronounced American types, even to the slouchy negro leaning on a hogshead with a pipe in his mouth. There are two who have fallen asleep; but the foremost group listen with some animation to a man in a red shirt, who lifts his arms, bared to the elbows, enforcing the clumsy eloquence which holds his audience, and which probably touches some subject discussed in the newspaper laid down beside him. Nothing real is shunned by the artist in this representation of life in its toil and hardness.

Mr. Shirlaw has painted a corn-husking which is likely to prove one of the strongest works of the year. It is half realistic, half poetic, with a breezy atmosphere and buoyant life, but viewed in the poet's light that "never was on sea or land."

BOSTON NOTES.

The idea that is just now prominent in progressive minds is the formation of a new club, exclusively for artists. The Boston Art Club originally included only professional artists, but was obliged to open its doors wider in order to sustain itself, and now it has but a small proportion of artist members.

Boston artists are proverbially of a genial disposition, and fraternize well among themselves. There already exists the famous Saturday Evening Club (meeting at the studios of members for a social "bread-and-cheese" once a month), of which the late Mr. Hunt was the most brilliant member, and

before which he exhibited for the first time his sketches and studies for the Albany frescoes. Many of the principal artists belong to this club, to which ladies are also admitted. There are several smaller clubs too, and still an element asking for more.

Such an organization as the Tile Club has been suggested, but the popular voice is for renewing the ashes of that famed organization of the old days of art in the city, the celebrated "Allston Club," composed of members whose sympathies were with certain peculiarities of style. It was in the Bohemian days of artist life, and the enthusiastic members of this eccentric club went about as they pleased in the world. Among other things that the club accomplished was the importation from Paris of the celebrated wood interior by Courbet, now in possession of Henry Sayles, and on exhibition at the Museum of Fine Arts. But the Allston Club luxuriated beyond its means, and fell.

The Boston Art Club has outgrown the real, social element, though its monthly dinners are of the most enjoyable order, and it is becoming rapidly aristocratic in its notions. The necessity of moving soon from its present locality has brought the subject of new quarters before the members. Nearly all are in favor of some decided and permanent abode, with full facilities for exhibition, and some are even found who are eagerly demanding such perfections as restaurant, studios, and reception halls in the new building, compelling such an increase of fees that artists would at last be thoroughly ostracized.

The Boston architects have an interesting and popular club, and the new association formed by art students a year ago, though vexed by occasional indiscretions, is already popular, social, and helpful.

Another venture in the line of an artists' club is the Draughtsmen's and Artists' Association. Geo. F. Hammond, a Boston architect, has been chiefly instrumental in forming this club, to comprise all styles of artist-draughtsmen and students, giving them the advantages of an evening class in charcoal drawing from life, and a reading-room supplied with all the technical English literature of the day.

The people of Boston could hardly let the statue-subject drop, but availed themselves of every opportunity to point a finger at Wendell Phillips for his tirade. One by one each individual statue found a champion, and the only exception which Mr. Phillips made has been flatly denounced.

French's bust of Ralph Waldo Emerson has been sent, in plaster, to Florence, to be put into marble. It will be returned early in the spring.

William Willard's portrait of the late Wm. M. Hunt is pronounced the best likeness of him ever put upon canvas.

Walter M. Brackett, the fish painter, recently completed a work that popular enthusiasm declares to be his masterpiece, and his studio was so overrun with visitors that he was obliged to place the picture in a public window. It is upon an order from Mr. Habersham, of Savannah, a veteran angler, and represents a salmon of thirty pounds, life-size, and forty-one inches long upon the canvas.

J. W. Champney is the name of the Boston artist invited to fill the chair of art-anatomy in the National Academy, New York.—Hoeslin, who lately sold his "Reformation" to the city of Munich, is a native of Boston.—Selinger, who a few months ago returned from Munich, has developed during his study there a bold, strong touch.

CINCINNATI NOTES.

Thomas S. Noble, who of late years has exhibited but little, principally because of his duties as Principal of the School of Design, is at work upon a large canvas of a river scene, a party upon a raft, afloat.

John Dunsmore, who has lately returned to Cincinnati from Paris, was a pupil of Couture, and was with him when he died. He has lately made a fine etching of Couture's head, and his reminiscences of him in a book now under way promise to be very interesting.

The lately formed Cincinnati Etching Club has met successively at the residence of George McLaughlin, the art connoisseur, at the studio of Mr. Farny, and at the Exposition Building. Some good work has been turned out, notably by Mr. Farny and Miss Lord, who is illustrating for Scribner. Before each meeting an announcement, etched by one of the club, is mailed; the drawing and biting are usually done outside, but proofs of the plates are taken at the meetings. The interest has spread beyond the club, and Cincinnati artists are combining to make the trade in copperplates a brisk one.

Among those who are doing good work in drawing and painting are the members of the Sunday Sketch Club, composed largely of workers at designing during the week, who consecrate a half of their day of rest to the study of color. They are encouraged by older artists, who drop in and paint with them occasionally as well as criticise their work. The subject chosen, such as "Lost," "Abandoned," or whatever may be agreed on, yields interesting and sometimes comical results.